

thereby liueth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is Discretion; in the which better part, I haue saued my life. Zounds I am afraid of this gunpowder *Percy*, though he be dead: how if hee should counterfeit too, and rise? by my faith I am afraid he would proue the better counterfeit: therefore Ile make him sure; yea, and Ile sweare I slew him. Why may not he rise aswell as I? nothing confutes mee but eyes, and no body sees me: therefore sirra, with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

He takes up Hotspur on his backe. Enter Prince and John of Lancaster.

Prin. Come brother *John*, full brauely hast thou sleight Thy mayden Sword.

John But soft, who haue we heere?
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

Prin. I did, I saw him dead,
Breathlesse, and bleeding on the ground. Artsthou aliuie?
Or is it fantasie that playes vpon our eye-sight?
I prethee speake, we will not trust our eyes
Without our eares, thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fals. No that's certaine, I am not a double man: but if I bee not *Iacke Falsstaffe*, then am I a *Iacke*: there is *Percy*, if your Father will doe mee any honour, so: if not, let him slay the next *Percy* himselfe: I looke to be either Earle or Duke, I can assure you.

Prin. Why *Percy*, I slew my selfe, and saw thee dead.

Fals. Didst thou? Lord, Lord, how the world is giuen to lying? I graunt you I was downe, and out of breath, and so was he, but wee rose both at an instant, and fought a long houre by *Shrewsbury* clocke, if I may be beleued, so: if not, let them that should reward Valour, beare the sinne vpon their owne heads. Ile take it vpon my death, I gaue him this wound in the thigh: if the man were aliuie, and would deny it, Zounds I would make him eate a peece of my Sword.

John. This is the strangest tale that euer I heard.

Prin. This is the strangest fellow, brother *John*,
Come bring your luggage nobly on your backe.

For my part, if a lie will doe thee grace,
Ile giude it with the happiell tearmes I haue.

A retreat is sounded.

Prince The Trumpets sound retreat, the day is ours:
Come Brother, lets to the highest of the Field,
To see what friends are liuing, who are dead. *Exeunt.*

Fals. Ile follow, as they say, for reward; He that rewardes me,
God reward him. If I do grow great, Ile grow lesse: for Ile purge,
and leaue Sacke, and liue cleanly, as a Nobleman should doe.

Exit.

The Trumpets sound, enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, Earle of Westmerland, with Worcester and Vernon prisoners.

King Thus euer did Rebellion finde rebuke,
Illspirited *Worcester*, did not we send grace,
Pardon and tearmes of Loue to all of you?
And wouldst thou turne our offers contrary,
Misuse the tenor of thy kinsmans trust?
Three Knights vpon our party slaine to day,
A noble Earle, and many a creature else,
Had beene aliuie this houre,
If like a Christian thou hadst truly borne
Betwixt our Armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I haue done, my safetie vrg'd me to,
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be auoyded, it falls on mee.

King Beare *Worcester* to the death, and *Vernon* too:
Other Offenders we will pause vpon.
How goes the Field?

Prince The noble Scot Lord *Dowglas*, when he saw
The fortune of the day turn'd quite from him,
The noble *Percy* slaine, and all his men,
Vpon the foot of feare, fled with the rest:
And falling from a hill, he was so bruizd,
That the pursuers tooke him. At my Tent,
The *Dowglas* is, and I beseech your Grace,
I may dispose of him.

King